

TRIPLE PLEASURE

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

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NEW EXCITING STORIES:

- FUN GUN CAMP
- ALL IN THE FAMILY

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FUN GUN CAMP

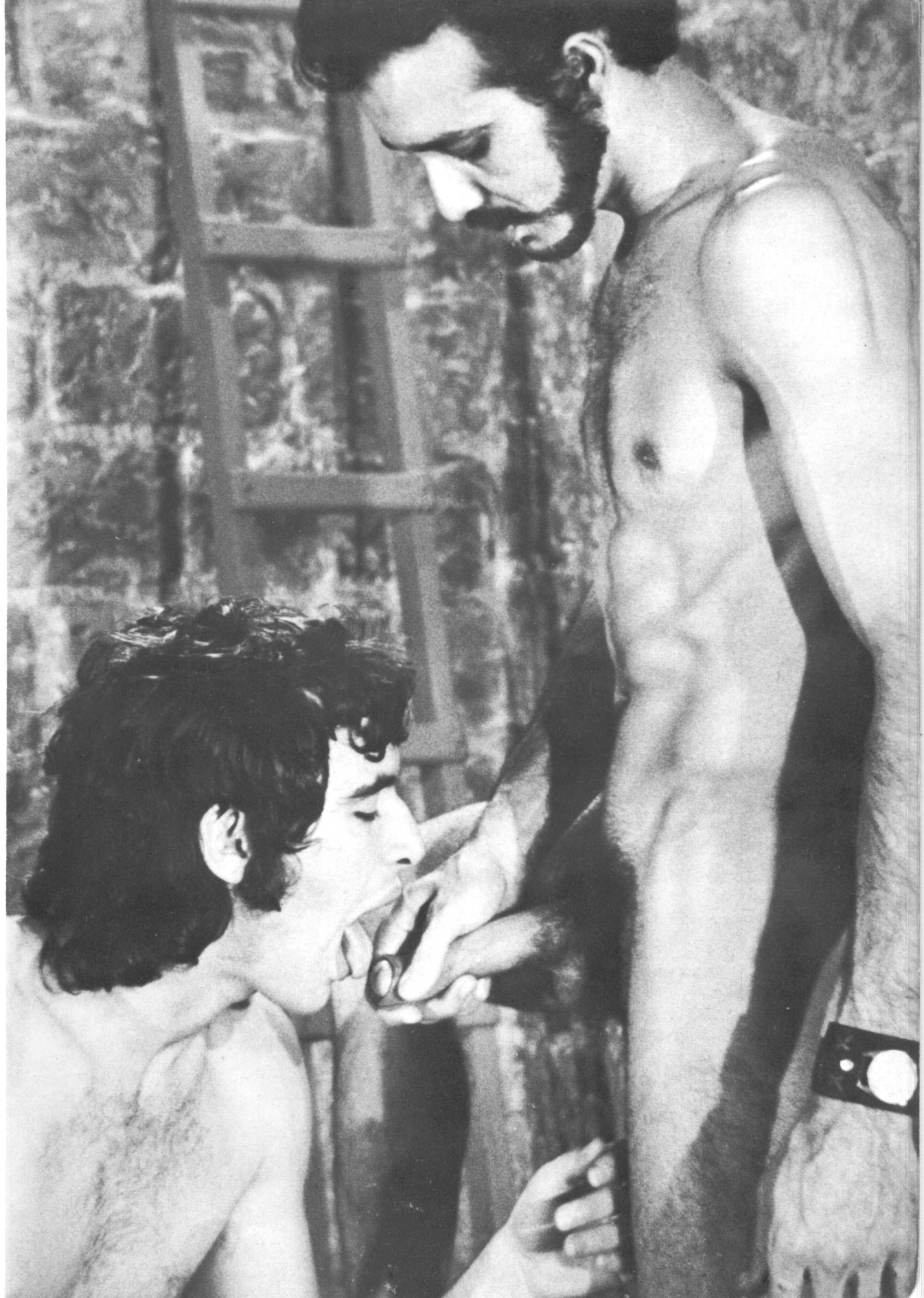
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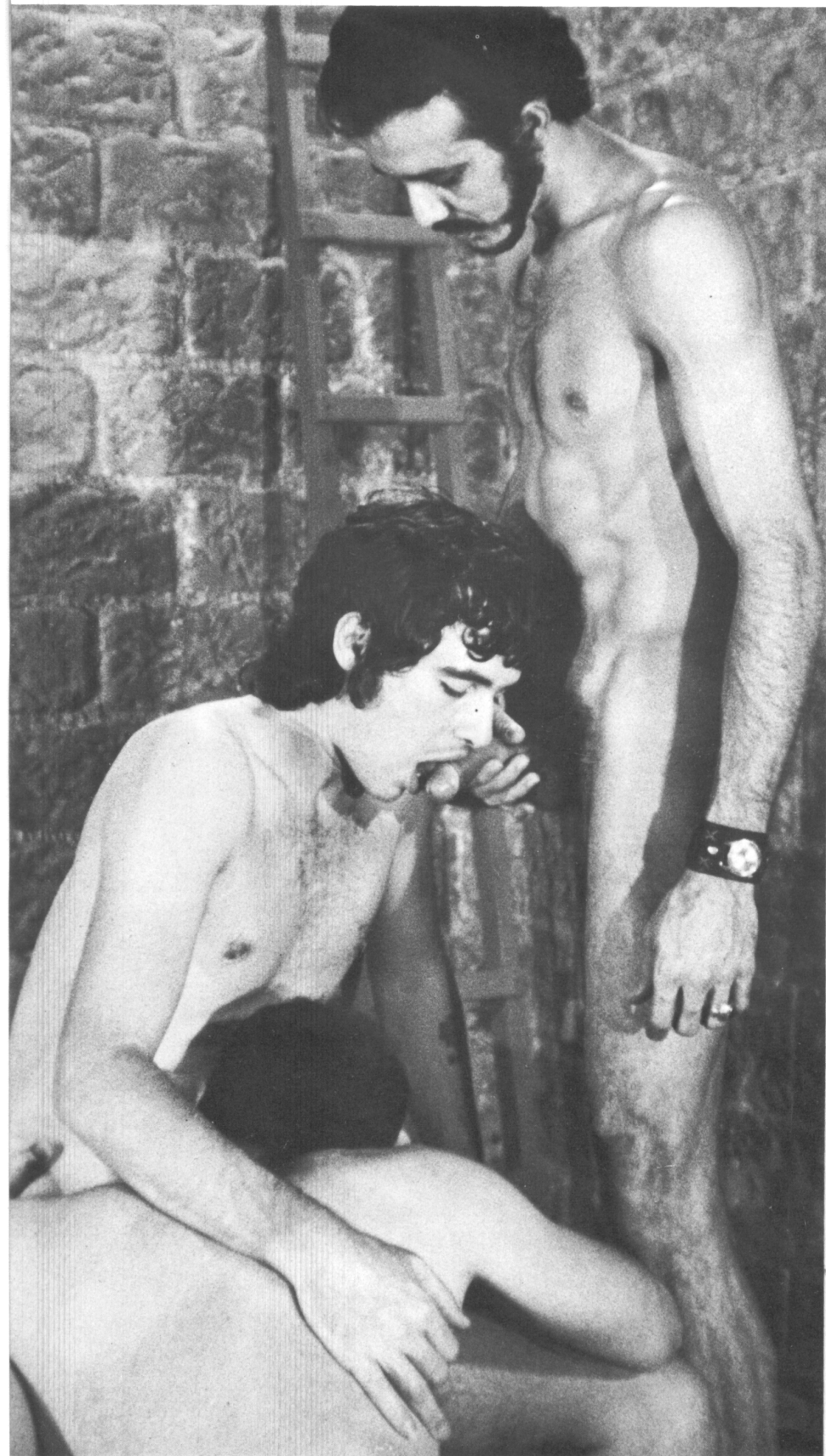




The storm broke with a thundering roar. "Fuck!" Joe shouted at no one, throwing his rifle angrily to the ground, the rain pouring down, the tall trees surrounding the group whistled in the wind and a gloomy darkness descended.

Paul laughed, always cool, shaking his head in amusement at Joe's tantrum. The same old Joe, he thought. He'd never change.

Steve raised his eyebrows skyward, glancing at the other two, wondering when Joe's anger at the





storm spoiling the day's hunt would turn on the too cool Paul and he'd be forced in the usual role of arbitrator. "Hey!" he shouted above the thunder, there's an old stone hut just up ahead. Let's get out of this shit." Without waiting for a reply, he plunged ahead through the trees and Paul followed, a smug grin on his face.

Too many people had told Paul he looked like The Paul—Newman. He had quickly adapted the same swagger and curled lip smile, his finely chiseled features offset with a close cropped haircut and long sideburns. Got to admire old Steve, he thought, peace at any price.

Behind him, Joe, staring angrily at Paul's retreating back, picked up his rifle and followed,



the fucking storm forgotten—Paul's smug smile had replaced it—eating into him.

It was the first reunion of the three in over five years. In adolescence they had been inseparable—"The Three Musketeers," the town had called them. But education and careers separated them and it seemed that only two visited at home at the same time. The Army called in different parts of the country, but oddly enough, leave was granted at the same time. The conciliator—Steve—had suggested the weekend hunting trip for old time's sake. Paul had sneered, but out of sheer boredom had agreed. Joe, the only real hunter in the group, had readily agreed, not without warning, "You fuckheads couldn't hit

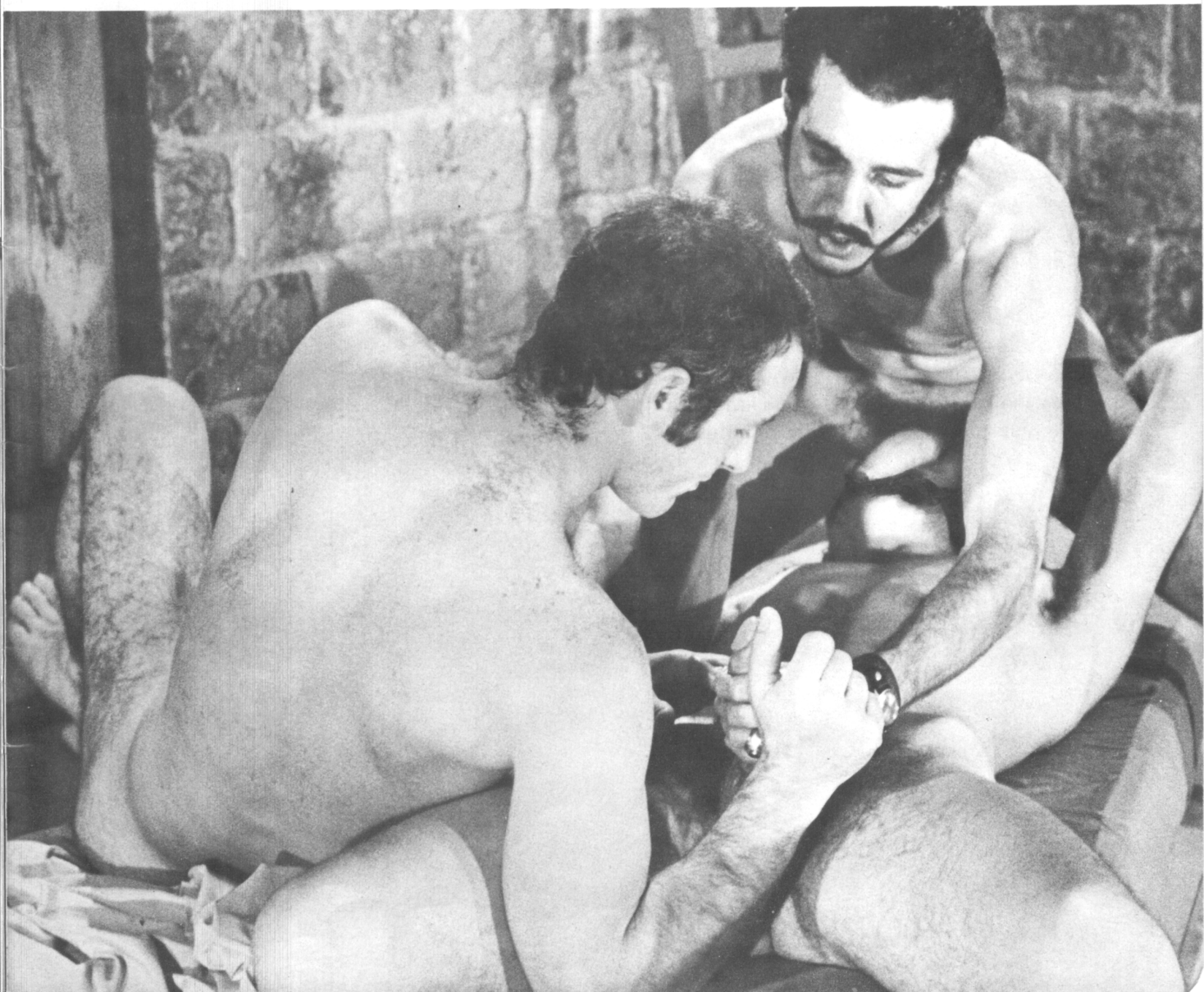
the broadside of a barn!"

Ahead of the others, Steve yelled, "Here it is!" and broke into a run to the stone hut, the rain pouring off his smooth, clear face, matting the dark, thick eyelashes.

Inside the hut, Steve stripped off his soaked clothes and Joe bent over the fireplace, piling wood, cursing the damp air. Paul leaned against a wall, his eyes dancing, the smug smile permanently fixed, watching Joe struggle with the kindling wood.

The fire lit, Joe sat on the floor beside the cot, rubbing his biceps for warmth. "Hey, Steve, where'd you get them tattoos?"

"It's kind of a tradition with swabbies," Steve









answered, stretching lazily, the warmth of the fire slowly seeping through his body.

"Yeah," Paul murmured, "what do you guys do at sea all day?"

"Same thing we used to do out in the woods!" Joe interceded, staring up at Paul, ready for a fight.

But Paul only laughed, a warm, easy laugh, "Yeah, those were the days," he said. "Finding out all about it." Suddenly, he stood erect and unzipped his wet jeans, "This is your gun, this is your rifle," he murmured.

Joe laughed, the fight and the storm forgotten, remembering carefree days of youth. He rose from the floor and stripped, turning to Steve, who watched lazily from the couch. "How long

since you had a taste?" he asked, eyes dancing, his bearded chin jutting forward in challenge.

Steve grinned and puckered up his lips with a smacking, inviting noise, "Too long."

Joe's cock, incredibly long and thin, snapped to instant attention, stirred by memories of old and the invitation of Steve's full, sensuous lips. He stepped forward, his prick parallel with Steve's face, "Help yourself."

Steve smiled, his half-closed eyes fastened on the slim, stiff pencil above, remembering how easily Joe's tool slid into his ass when they were boys, like no other cock since. Slowly, his tongue stuck out between his full lips, the pink, wet tip running lightly over the warm surface, readying his mouth for Joe's prick, Paul in the background





forgotten.

Joe smiled and his hand closed round the root of his solid, slim shaft, pointing the mushrooming head downward, toward the partially opened mouth that awaited it.

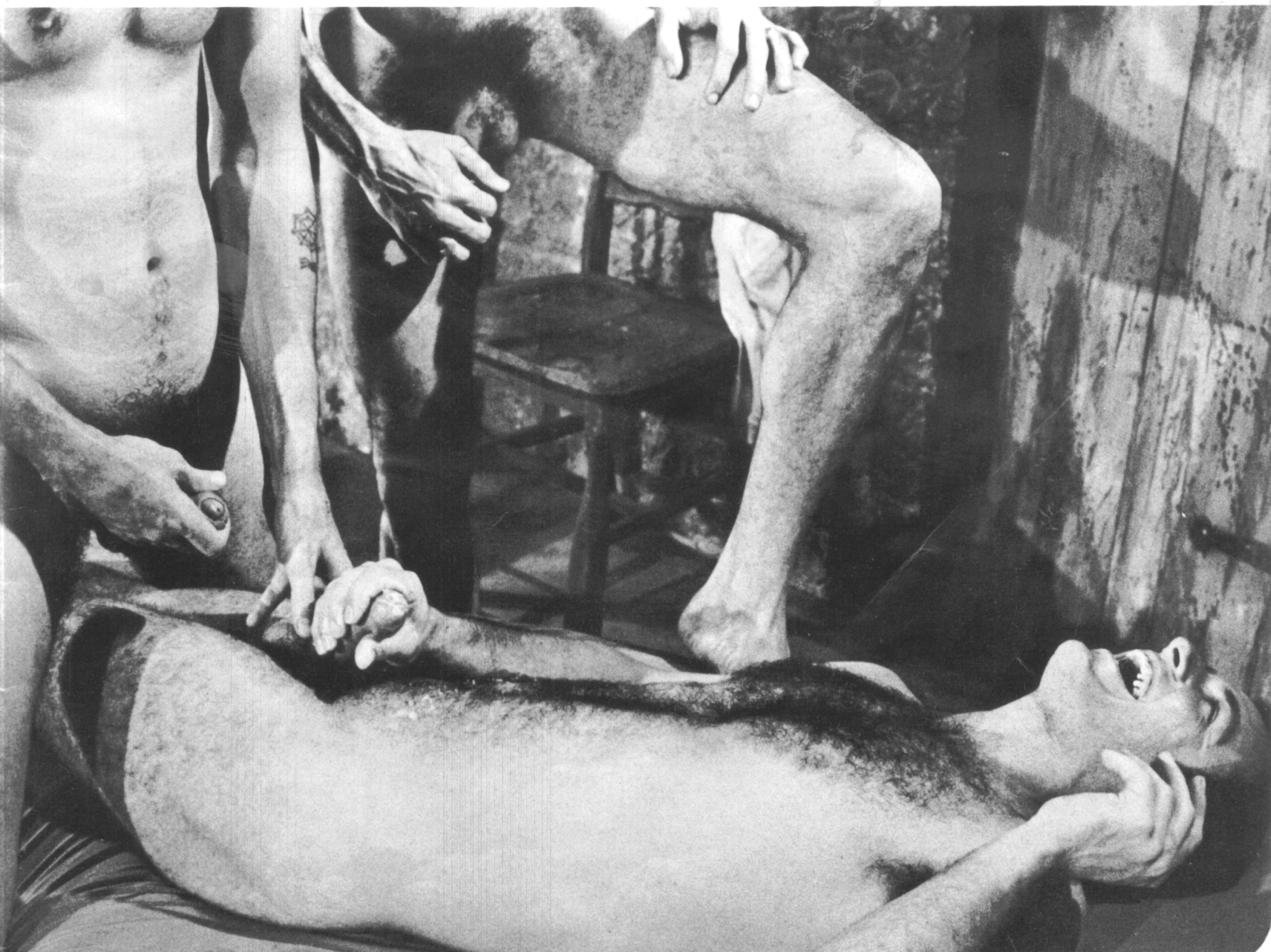
Steve felt the heat of the bulging head burning into his face, his own cock swelling instantly, the warm intimacy of the room filling him, and he opened his mouth, drawing his breath in, urging Joe's cock to enter the warm cave.

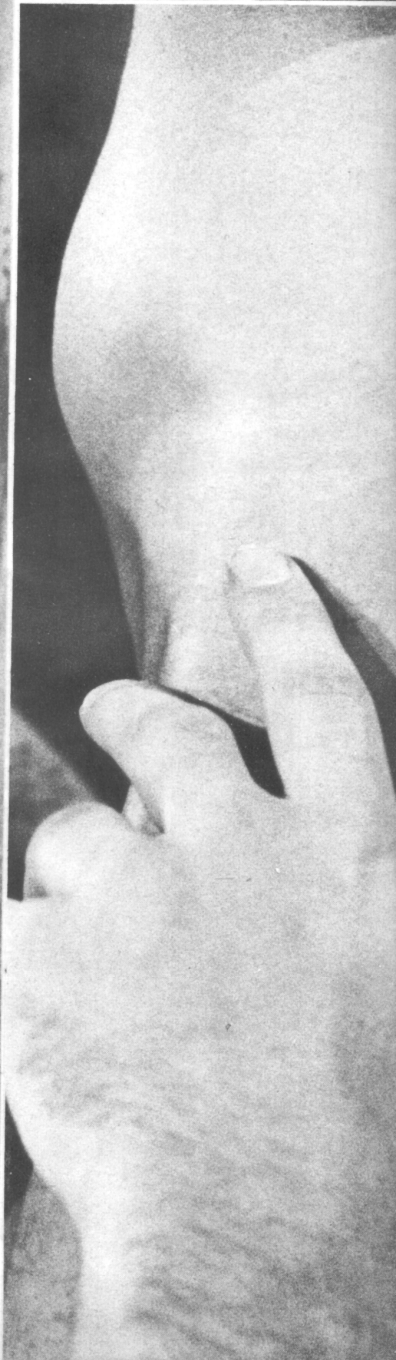
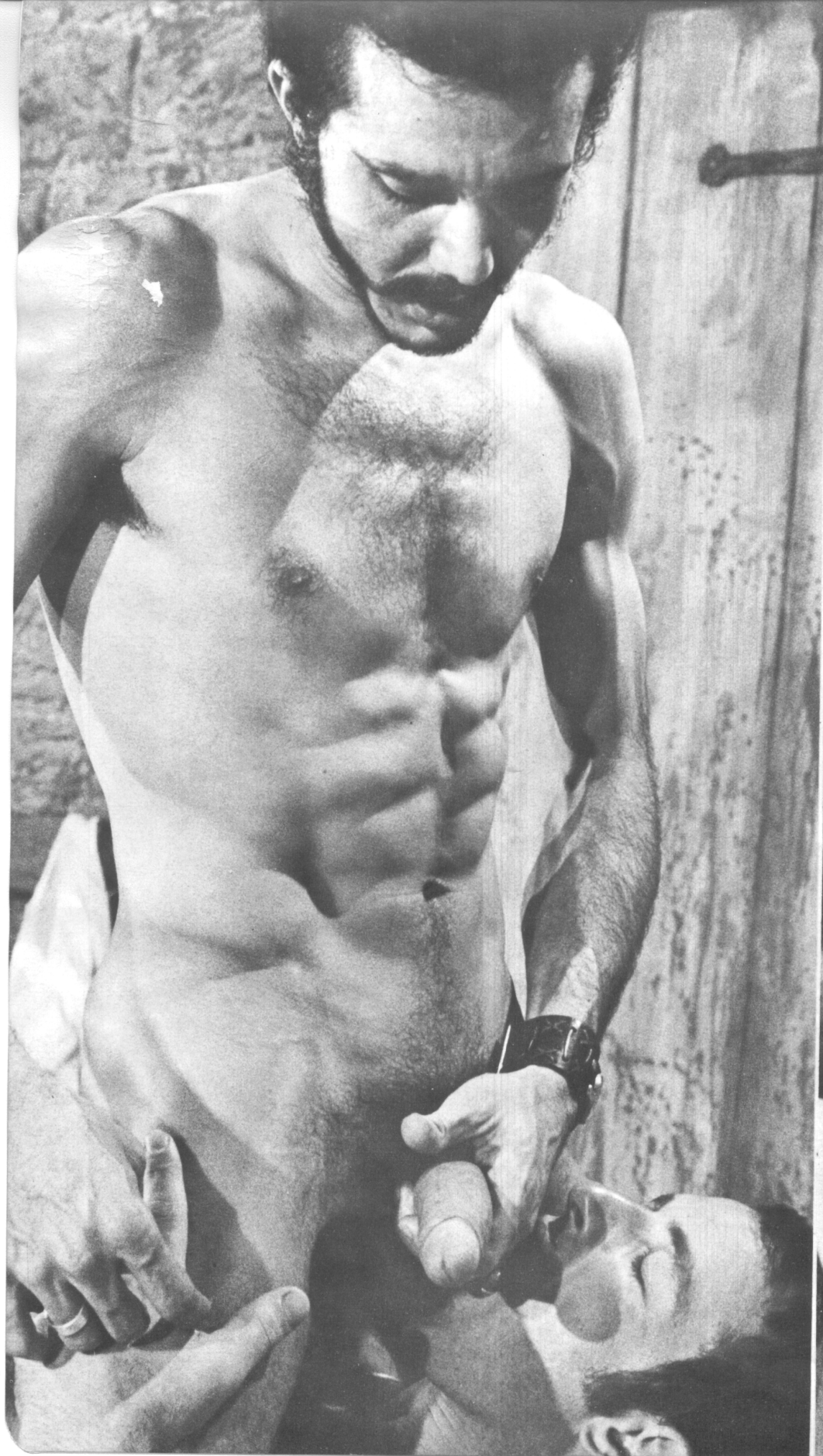
Joe lunged forward, but Steve was faster. His wide mouth closed round the cockhead tight, preventing further entry until he was ready. The storm raged outside—he was in no hurry.

Joe laughed out loud, and drew back slightly, his hands on his hips, ready to enjoy Steve's capable mouth.

Behind them, Paul watched, desire welling up inside him. It had been a long time. There was no privacy in the Army and everybody was afraid of labels. But here they were out in the woods, what the hell. His joint responded in kind, throbbing inside the tight crotch of his jockey shorts, his balls shooting stabs of electric shock through him. Too long, it was going to be hard to control. He slipped out of his clothes, his eyes on Steve's thick rod, the fiery red head oozing with sweet drops of liquid, the veins pulsating in a vivid purple network.

Paul knelt beside Steve and lowered his head, the rich, pungent odor of a man filling his nostrils, a smell incomparable. He breathed deeply and opened his mouth wide, swallowing the thick rod with a loud groan of pleasure, his own





dick trembling in response to the beating, twitching bone in his mouth, nearly ready to shoot into the air in unison with Steve's cock, buried deep inside his sucking, burning mouth, the head pressing into his throat, his nose buried in the rich, thick hair at the base.

A muffled moan issued from Steve's mouth as Paul devoured his prick and he opened his mouth wide, sucking in Joe's fantastically long stem, the head jamming into his throat, the slender body folding up as much as the engorged veins would

allow. Joe groaned, his hips writhing and grinding in a steady frontward, backward thrust, easing the pressure of flesh, increasing the rising come. His eyes shut tight, the flood burst, and the stream of hot lava poured through the burning slit of his cockhead. His gasp of ecstatic relief filled the heavy air.

Steve hung on tight, his lips milking the rod dry, swallowing and swallowing, the flow of come endless and seemed to pass through him, down into his own swollen prick, buried deep inside





Paul's mouth, forcing his come to explode with the same shattering impact, the cry in his throat drowned in the swirl of Joe's come.

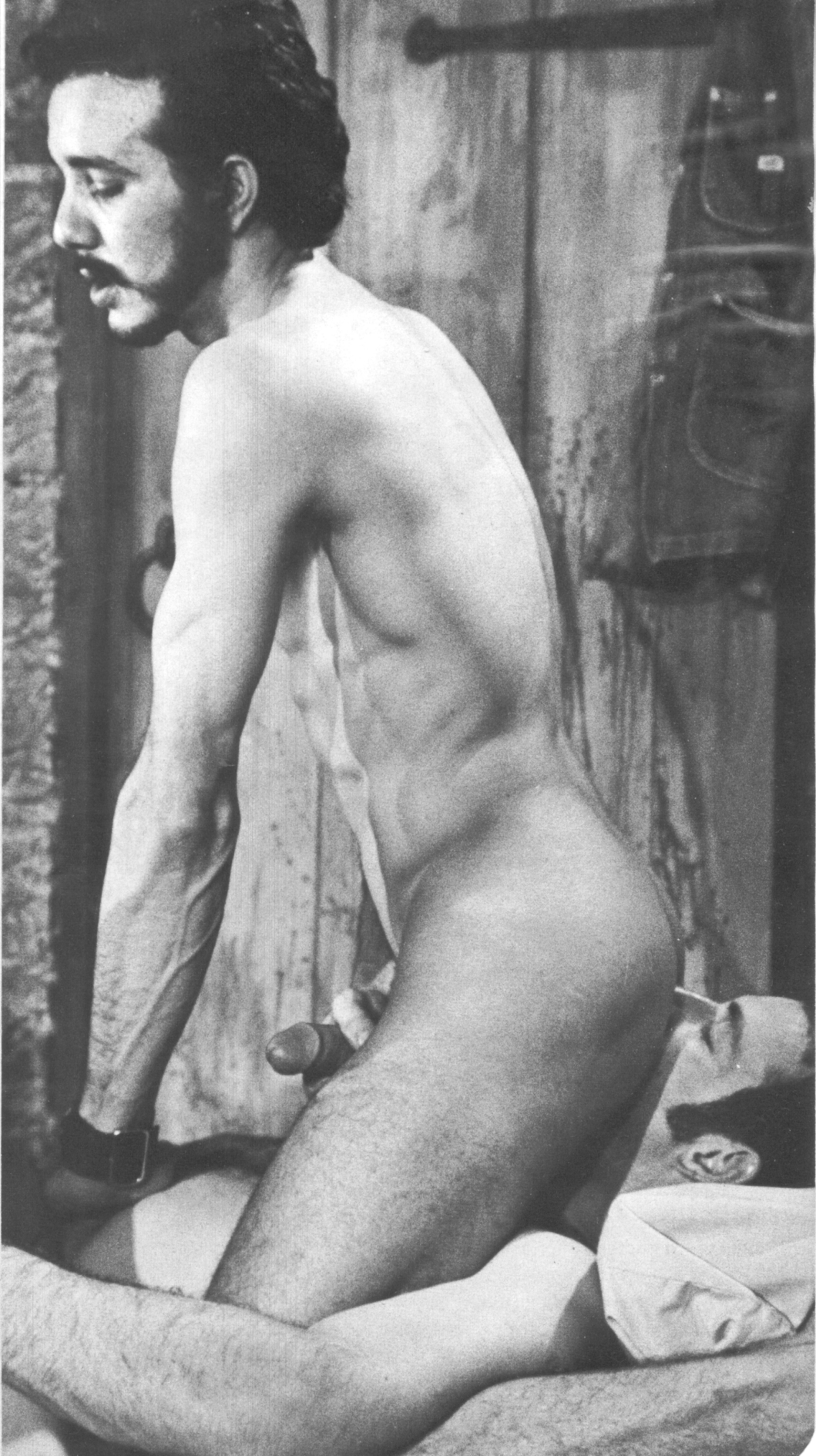
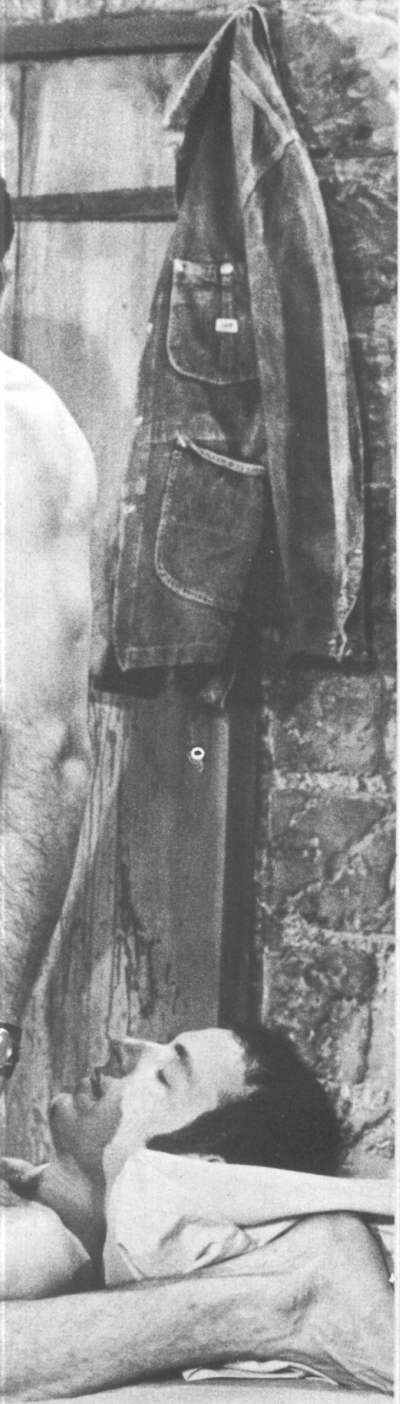
Time hung motionless in the room, the rain poured down outside relentlessly, but none of the occupants cared. The sweet aroma of sex and sweating male bodies filled the room, heated by the fire, the crackling logs barely audible above

the heavy breathing.

"Man," Paul sighed, "you guys did it again. You both get your rocks off and here I am." He stroked his leaking prick gently, his balls tight and painful, pressing up around the base.

"Mmm," Steve sighed contentedly, "come on up here."

"Come I will!" Paul shouted and scrambled









up—too late.

Joe had gotten a second wind and pounced on the prone Steve, his barely stirring cock, slick with saliva and his own come, pressed against Steve's face and he sucked gently on Steve's flaccid prick, searching for any residue Paul might

have left.

Paul laughed, "Sonofabitch did it again!" He continued to stroke his prick, his muscles relaxing as he watched the sixty-nine scene before him. "Too late, Joey boy," he whispered, "I sucked him dry."



Steve laughed and Joe's limp prick fell out of his mouth. "Hey, Joe," he said, his hand fondling the shrunken pencil, "I have wet dreams sometimes about this gun." His voice was husky.

Joe smiled. He had always loved fucking Steve's ass. A beautiful ass, tight and eager,

almost as good as his mouth. He rolled over and swiftly climbed up on the cot, kneeling between Steve's legs.

"Ha!" Paul snorted, looking down at the limp dick between Steve's legs. "What are you going to do? Mash it in?"

But Joe ignored him, his eyes riveted to Steve's meat, the hairy bush at the root matted with come, his mind, relaxed by his own orgasm, thinking of the old days and the first time he had penetrated Steve's beautiful ass. He had seen a lot of ass since, but nothing like Steve's. The memory of the tight, contracting muscles sent spasms of excitement through him and his drained prick jerked convulsively, slowly filling up, eager for the hungry asshole that awaited him.

Paul shrugged casually and his balls tightened uncomfortably again. He jerked harder on his unsatisfied rod, cursing them both silently.

Steve hunched his ass forward, raising up, and Joe slid the swollen pencil back and forth on the surface of the tight groove, readying the hole for his entry, cream unnecessary, sweat and still wet come and saliva sufficient to penetrate the hot walls.

For a moment, Steve closed his eyes, the desire to lose himself in the expected ecstasy of Joe's penetration engulfing him, then his eyes blinked open, his warm, open nature surfacing as he remembered Paul. He smiled up at him and Paul winked.

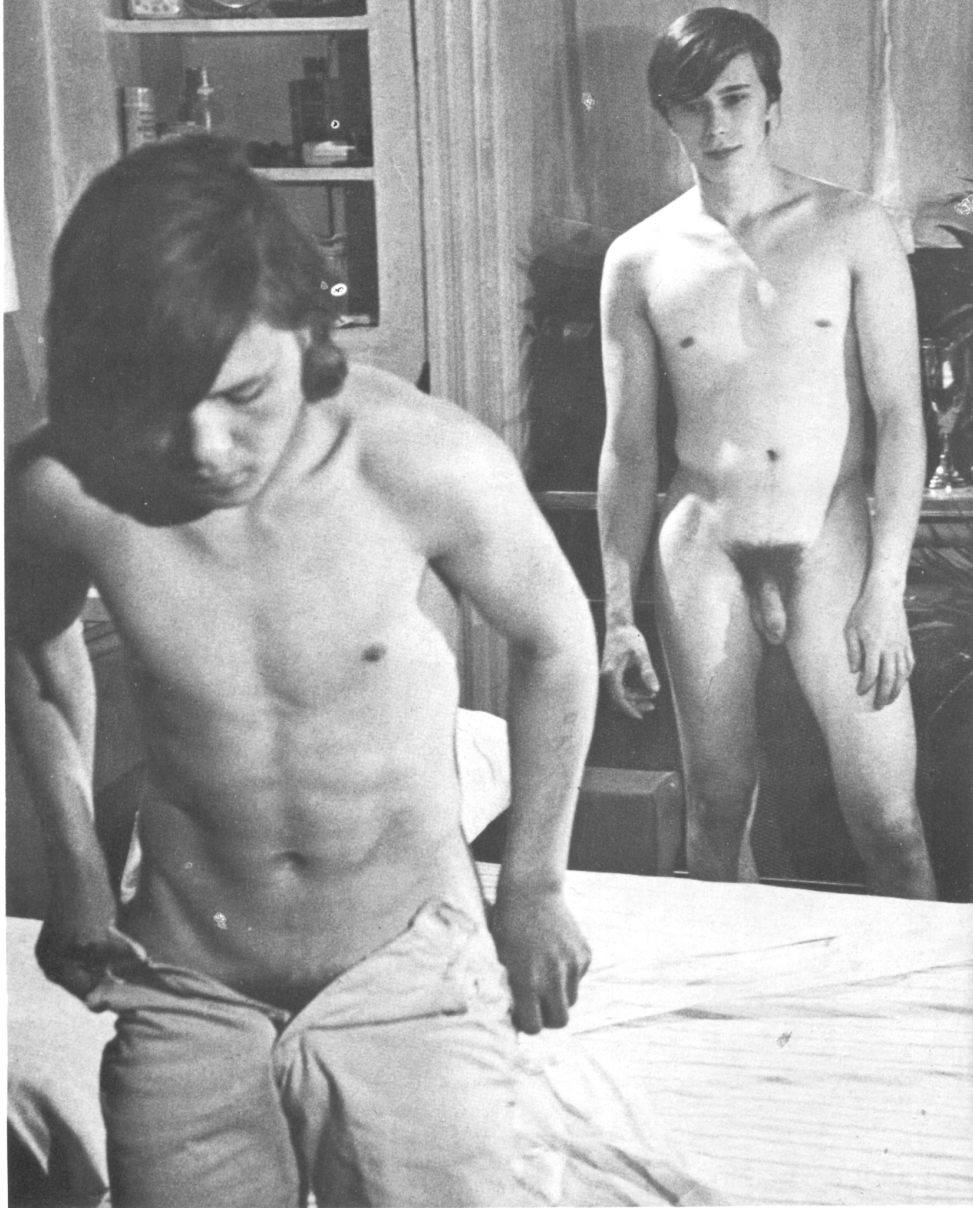
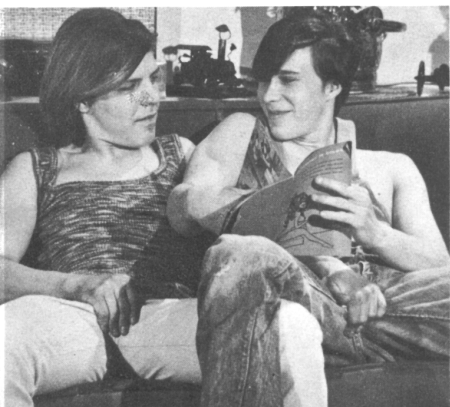
Steve's sensuous lips mouthed an invitation and Paul grinned, stepping forward, his throbbing prick in his hand. Good old Steve, never forgot anybody.

At the exact moment, Steve opened his mouth to receive Paul's bulging member, Joe's wet, fiery cockhead pressed into his itching asshole, positioning itself. A deep, rich moan echoed in the room, as both cockheads pushed forward, one burying deep inside the hot mouth, the other deep inside the hot ass, so deep they threatened to meet somewhere inside Steve.

And Steve wished they would. That the three men would forever be welded together. Outside the storm raged on and no one cared.







ALL IN
THE
FAMILY

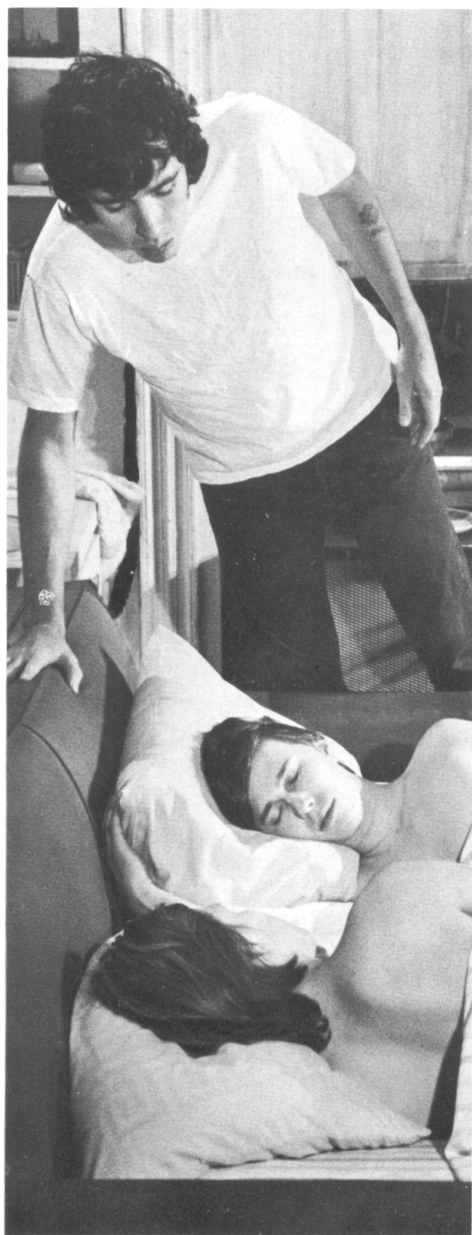
I probably shocked the shit out of my aunt when I yelled, "Alone!" into the telephone. She was quiet for a good sixty seconds before she said, "Yes, alone." And she didn't offer one more Goddamned word of explanation.

So there I am, sitting in my pad, awaiting the arrival of two cousins, twins no less. Not identical, but close enough in look alike to confuse you at first. The last time I saw them, they were running around in shorts or diapers or something. But they were coming to the "Big City" for a week—their graduation present. Not only were they coming to the City, they were staying with

Cousin Gary—that's me. Like wow!

I'm not so upset that I got relatives coming. In fact, I'm so fucking down since Steve and I broke up that any kind of diversion could be a good thing. But you got to prepare yourself for kids. Not only are they due momentarily—my aunt had been trying to reach me all day, but I had had the phone off the hook just in case Steve tried to call me. I was feeling real weak and in that state you can capitulate. But I got all kinds of stuff around the place little boys shouldn't be seeing.

I hung up from my aunt and did the fastest sweep of the apartment I could under the





circumstances. Then I made myself a good, strong drink and sat down, thinking. But like always I couldn't get my mind off Steve.

Steve and I had lived together for five years. That's a long time to live with somebody, but I thought we really had something going. We split all the expenses, split the crummy housework, in fact, the only thing we didn't split was the bed. And there was nothing we wouldn't do for each other in bed or out. We blew and screwed and licked each other like crazy, and we were so hip to each other that we could talk each other out of a mood.

Then all of a sudden, Steve was around less and less. And when he was there, I couldn't talk to him at all. But I figured he was going through some kind of thing that he just didn't want to talk to anybody about. So I stayed loose. Then one night he says, "Hey you, Gary, blow me!"

Now I don't like his tone and I look at him. I say, "It's your turn, baby. You forget? I blew you last time." I keep my voice as low and in control as I can under the circumstances.

Steve just looks at me and then with a real sneer, he says, "Fuck you, baby, I don't blow nobody. They pay me to blow me these days!" And, of course, he underlines the "they" and that's enough to really bug me.

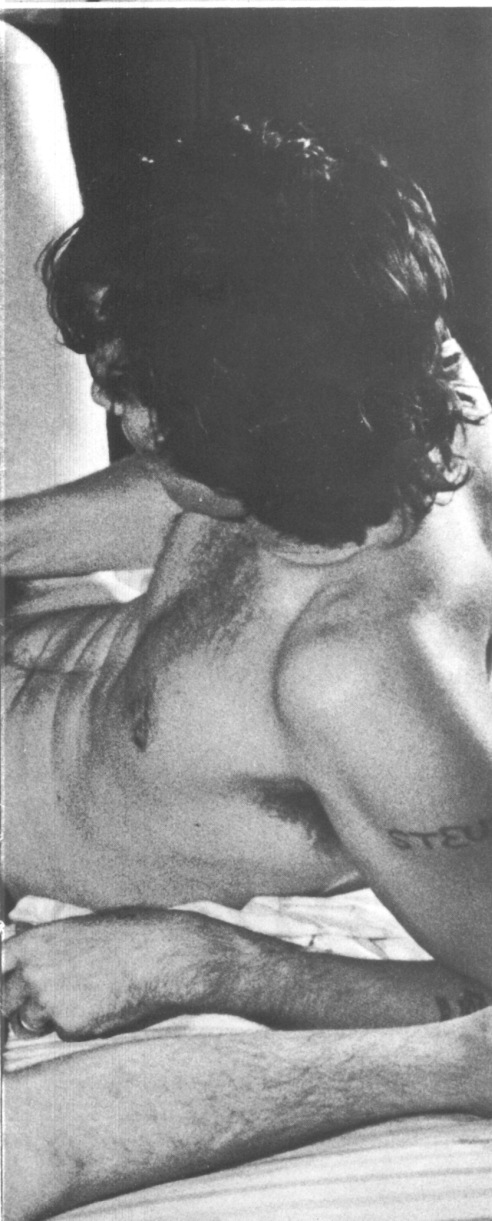
Next thing I know, he's got his bags packed and out the door. My anger lasted just about twenty-four hours and then I realize he's gone. Worse. I'm alone. And I start pacing.

He left a little over a week ago, so you can see, I'm not too ready for a couple of kids. I'm sitting there, remembering good times outside the pad, because if I think inside, all I can think about is how good his mouth used to milk me dry and how easy his rod, which to look at was a hell of a big mother, slid into my ass, and how I could cream just holding him inside me and how he used to do the same with me. Then how we'd lie in bed in each other's arms talking about things we were going to do and everything.

The doorbell interrupted me. My daydreams, that is, and I stared at that door with absolute hate, wishing they'd go away, but knowing I'd have to answer it. After all, where could a couple of little boys go in the "Big City" at ten o'clock at night. Not to mention what my aunt would say.







I opened that door and you can bet your ass, I about fell flat on mine. Those two little boys had grown. Two of the prettiest young blond things I ever laid eyes on. I just stared.

There's a look in both pair of eyes. I have a deep feeling inside about the look, but I'm so busy being stunned, I don't have time to think. And then one of them, Jesse I think, says, "Hi, Cuz," with a low drawl. That hometown drawl, and I knew they were for real.

I open the door and gesture, "Gentlemen," as suave as I can and they look at each other, shrug, and enter.

We didn't do too much talking. They were dead tired. Least, that's what they claimed. But they were two little sharp asses. By this time, I had them straightened out. Jesse's hair was a little shorter and his face fuller, Justin had a sort of lanky look to him even though he wasn't much taller than Jesse. It was Justin who asked me why Steve was tattooed on my arm.

I told them Steve was an old buddy of mine and we got bombed one night, went into a tattoo parlor, and we were so fucked up that the tattooer put the wrong names on each other and we never even knew it till the next morning. I could tell by the look in Jesse's eyes, he didn't believe a word of it, and then I decided it was bedtime for them.

I opened up the couch in the living room and left them. In the bedroom, I flopped on the bed, wondering what I was going to do with them for a week and the more I thought about them, the more I thought about their beautiful young bodies. I hadn't had any cock in a while and sure enough, old faithful was rising steadily at the thought of those two young studs in my living room, cousins or not.

My balls hurt like hell and before long, I freed my swollen joint. It popped straight up in the air and as I began to stroke it, I tried to think of Steve, the body I knew so well, and had loved so long. But each time I got the picture into focus and moved my hand a little faster on my pulsing cock, the twins were superimposed. A kind of emptiness formed in my stomach, my balls contracted painfully, and I knew I wasn't going to get any relief until I looked at those two bare-assed.



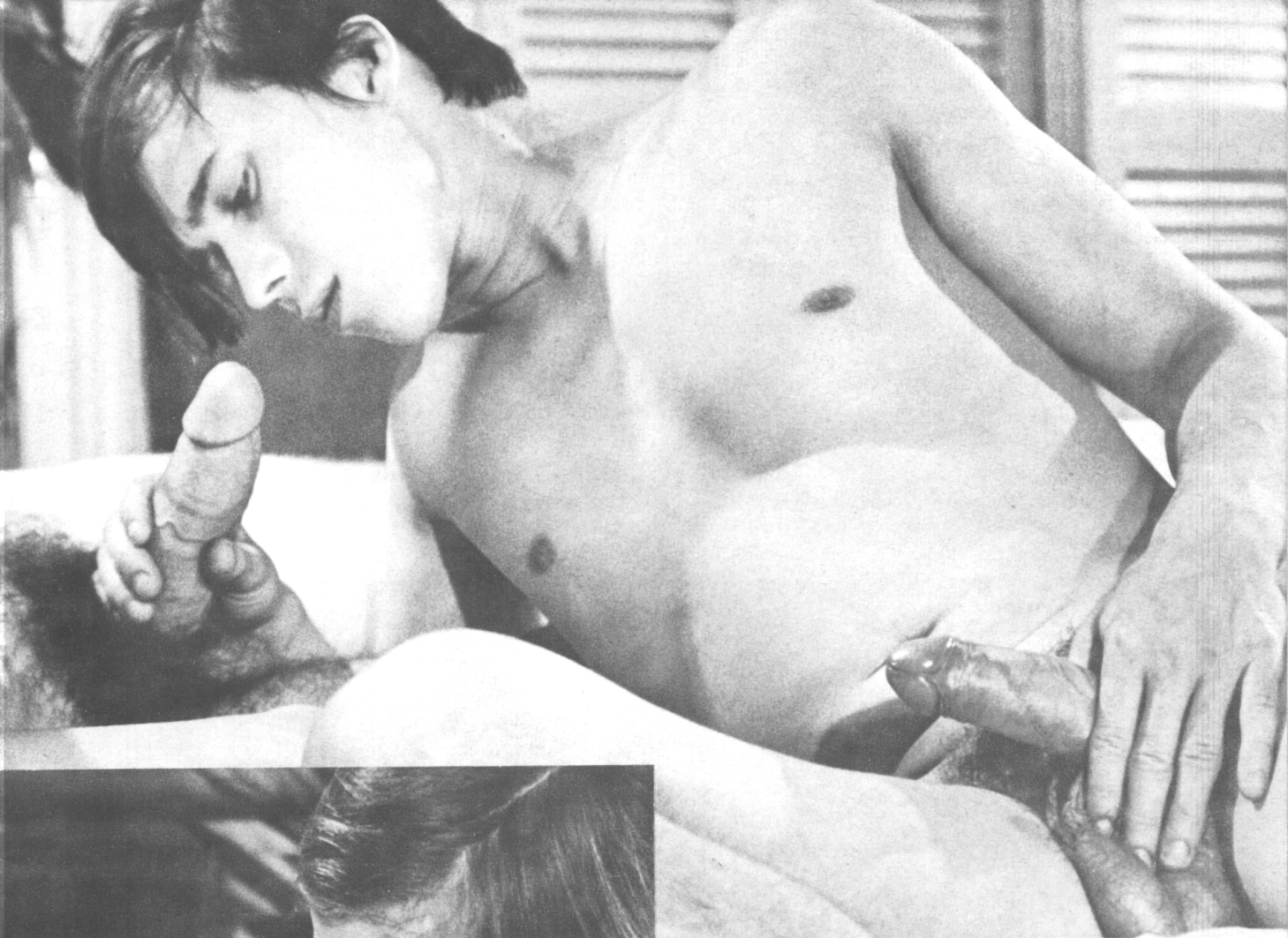
I sneaked into the living room and stared down at them. Their eyes were shut tight, the beautiful young faces so smooth and tender, peaceful, radiated such warmth that I forgot all about Steve. I wanted those boys desperately. My hard-on beat wildly in the air and the excitement mounted in my stomach, my blood pounded, and I could hear my heart beating in my ears, so loud I thought it would wake them.

Slowly, as carefully as I could, with shaking hands, I pulled down the sheet. Two delicious hunks of meat bulged under the taut jockey shorts and my hungry eyes devoured them on the spot. I had to see them. Had to taste them. But how?

Then to my shock, they both burst out giggling, and Justin said, "Damn, Cuz, it took you longer than we expected."

My face flushed bright red and my hard-on wilted so fast it was like somebody stuck a pin in the head. I was speechless and really felt like an





ass, caught in the act.

But Jesse saved the hour, reaching up a strong hand, he grasped my limp dick lightly and tugged me closer, "Come on, Gary, we're only kidding. The real reason we wanted to come visit you was we been doing each other for years and we wanted to know what it's like with somebody else." His voice was gentle and his smile seemed sincere enough.

I scowled at Justin, but he too had changed his expression and was nodding eagerly. My God, I thought, they want me! It was the fastest I ever undressed. And when I turned back to the bed, twin peckers stood straight up in the air, the velvet-like white skin drawn so taut over the thin, blue and pink veins, I thought for a moment they weren't real, but marble sculptures. Then the tiny, glistening drops of love juice seeping out of the rich, fleshy cockheads assured me they were real and I didn't know where to start.

Me, Gary, who Steve had called the most

"Talented Tongue" he'd ever encountered, stood paralyzed, staring down ravenously at the meal before me, not knowing where to start.

Justin shifted on the bed, away from Jesse, and patted the vacated spot. I nodded and started to climb over Jesse, but couldn't. The tantalizing smell of youthful cock filled my nose, drugged my senses, and I couldn't resist the urge. My feverish tongue swept out over Jesse's fiery cockhead, lapping up the pre-come, savoring the taste, rolling the juice around inside my mouth, the smell and taste merging, exciting, demanding more.

Jesse sighed with pleasure and I smiled at the sound. I wanted to give him a blow job like he

had never had before. Kneeling over him, I lowered my head, blowing hot air on the wet surface of the sensitive head, teasing. His excited body sent heat waves into my face and small beads of sweat dotted my brow.

The tip of my burning tongue traced the rim of the pulsing head in circles coming closer and closer to the slit, where a new drop of juice slowly formed, and the tension of desire rippled through his body. The little shit could probably blow his load without me even taking his big, young cock in my mouth, I thought fondly.

Jesse moaned and called out to Justin, "Get over here! I can't stand it. I got to think about something else. Give me your cock!"





Justin laughed, the sound happy, "You can't stand it! Wow! What about me? I'm watching." He scrambled over, positioned his cock to Jesse and I heard a loud, swift suck, and knew Jesse wasn't going to play with Justin. I resolved to teach them before they left some of the nuances of love making.

My tongue licked off the fresh drop of love juice and rolled it around again, the exotic taste drugged my senses and blood rushed to my head. I pursed my lips over the pulsing head, barely touching the flesh, breathing a steady steam of warm air that sent shivers through Jesse, his body trembled beneath me and he thrust his cock toward my mouth eagerly.





My lips caught the hard, thin ridge of flesh and held tight, my tongue sweeping over the sensitive head, the tip digging into the slit and swirling over the pulsating nerve endings, my whole being totally engrossed in my love making. In my head, the young cock and I were one.

Inch by inch, I sucked the swollen shaft inside the hot walls of my feverish mouth, and Jesse squirmed on the bed, thrusting his hips forward, I was driving him crazy with my slow intake and I enjoyed every second and inch of his prick. The

strong, young boy perfume of his pubic hair grew stronger as my nose came closer to the thick bush of hair at the root, his cockhead now pressing into my throat, my cheeks sucked in and out on the shaft, slowly, urging him not to shoot yet, but to let me taste my fill.

Above me, I was vaguely aware of a loud wail and knew that Justin had probably shot his load. I reached the base, my nose buried in the soft, damp hair, all of his big dick in my mouth, and I was ready to use my talented tongue. My hands



gently kneaded the small, hard eggs inside the sparsely covered sac, tenderly moving them around, my thumbs on the dividing cord, one hand ready to slide down under and explore his plump ass.

But Jesse couldn't wait. "I'm coming," he groaned, "I can't help it." The throbbing bone exploded in my mouth with a rush and it took all my energy to swallow it all, his body jerking and convulsing with excitement as more and more hot cream poured out of his rod.

My own cock jerked with excitement and although I was delighted with Jesse's burning, sweating body and his heaving chest, I wanted to shoot too. To put us all at the same starting

"Please," he said, his hot eyes begging. He rolled over on the bed.

I was stunned. The little fuck wanted me to screw him. I was unprepared for that. Not that I



point. I looked over at Justin who was grinning, his big, blue eyes hot and willing.

I nodded and scrambled over to him, my swollen meat swinging between my legs.

didn't plan to screw both of them before their vacation was up, it was just that I thought I'd be initiating him. My cock twitched sharply, reminding me that I had other things to do besides think.





I grabbed the vaseline from the end table drawer and Jesse giggled, his eyes open now. "Be prepared," he whispered, his voice still thick with sex.

I nodded and quickly greased up my dick, my eyes riveted to the smooth white rump raised up for me, the knees slightly bent, the underside of the balls peeking out between the sturdy, spread thighs.

My slightly shaking hands gripped the two cheeks, pinching the flesh gently, parting the tender globes, my eyes mesmerized by the dark, red hole, whose resisting folds I would part momentarily. I forced myself to slow my pace. My cock's not huge, but I was never ashamed of it either. And although the kid had begged me to screw him, he probably hadn't really been fucked that often. If I rushed it, that might well be the end.

Still kneading the fleshy cheeks, my fingers luxuriating in the soft skin, not fat, but not bony, the kind of ass that's hard to find. I thrust my



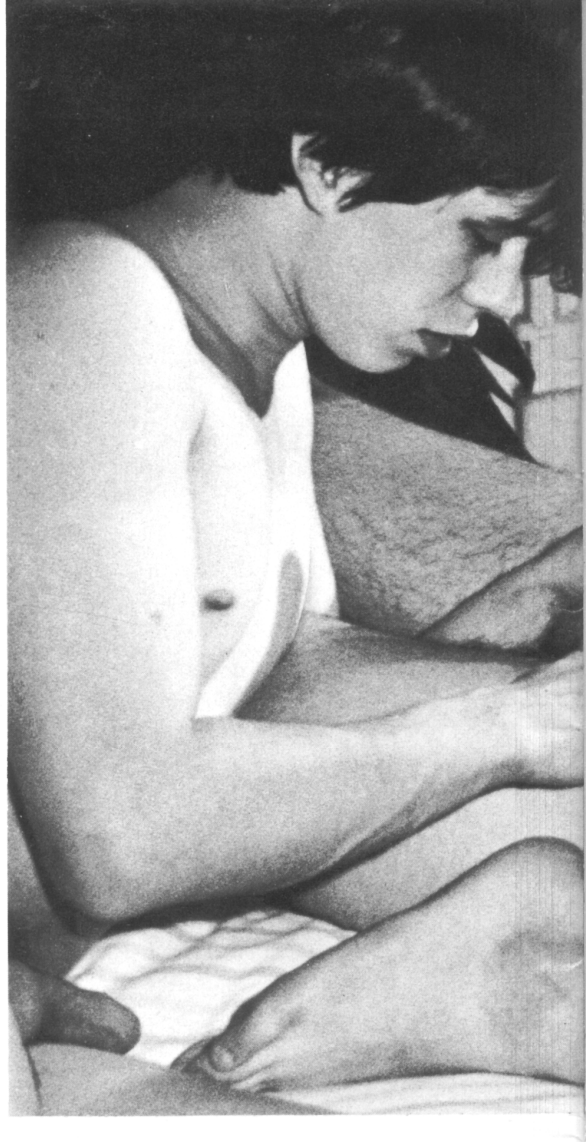


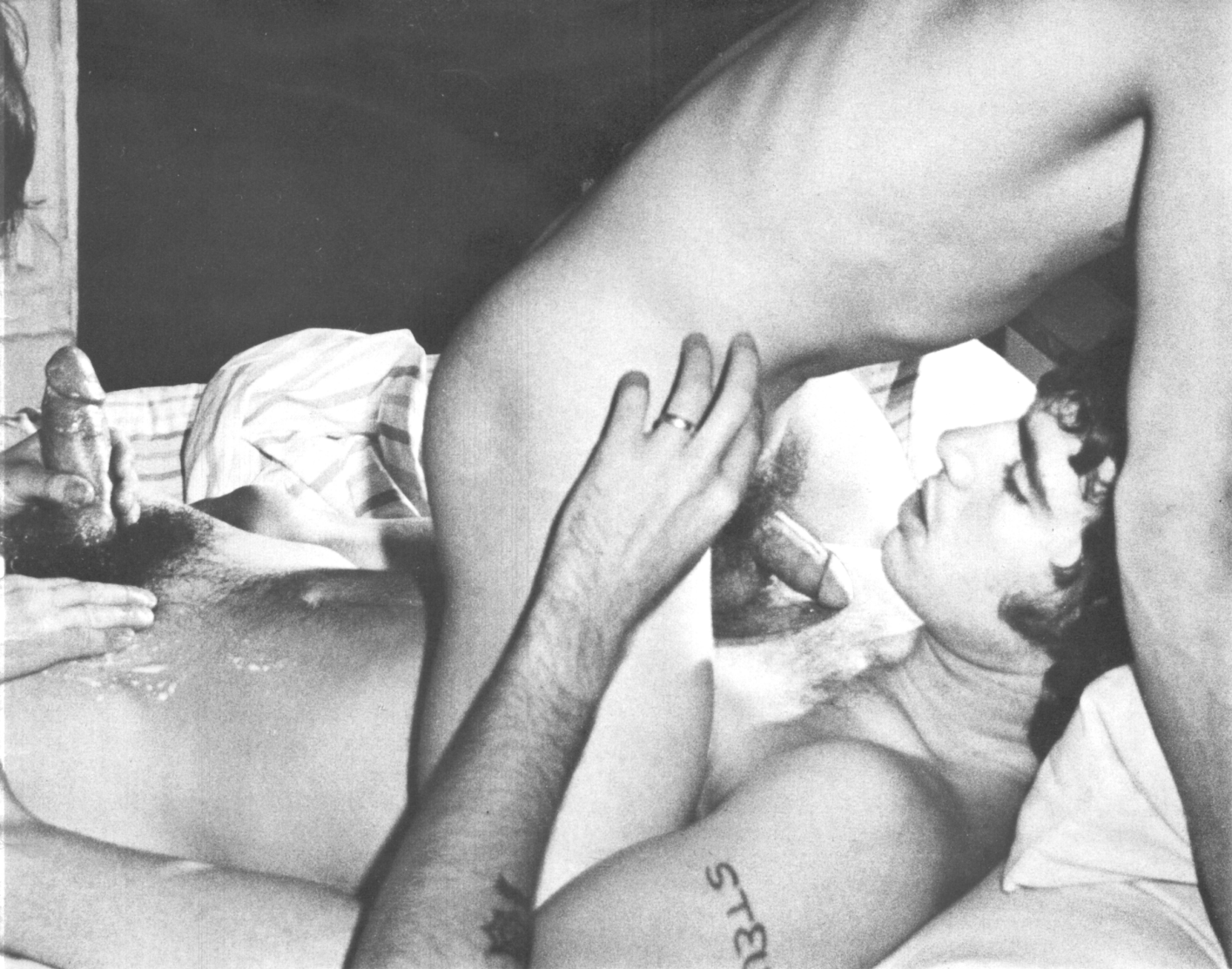
hips slowly forward, aiming my cockhead at the target. The greasy, throbbing head pressed into the folds lightly.

Justin groaned and hunched his ass toward me to receive my prick and I had to smile. This boy sure wanted to fuck! I pressed harder and the head disappeared. I waited, motionless, for him to adjust to the first step. "More," he cried out.

And I gave him more, with a steady, even push, my eyes shut tight, living every second of my cock's journey through the tight, hot canal, I penetrated. Right into the hilt. My balls met his and he cried with pleasure. I was still, absorbed in the tightness of his asshole, ecstasy whirling in my head, as I forced the rising come back, not yet, not yet, my mind repeated over and over.

Then suddenly I was aware of hands on my





own ass. Jesse was behind me and parting the cheeks of my ass with a strong grip and a well oiled cock was pressing into the hot groove. I almost flipped. A daisy chain no less. These kids were something else.

I hunched my ass backward to meet his young cock, pulling out a little from Justin who moaned in pleasure, vaguely wondering how Jesse had got it up so fast. I pulled further out of Justin and as Jesse knifed forward into me, I rammed back into the now lubricated, but still tight, channel of Justin's ass.

In perfect time, we humped back and forth, each of us hearing the same rhythmical beat in our heads. I held Justin's prick in one hand and pinched his ass with the other. With a crashing howl of pure pleasure we exploded together.

And we're still together. How could I send them home?

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